

From the Baton Rouge Courier.

General Taylor's Residence.

In Harper for November, we notice an interesting article on "General Taylor's residence at Baton Rouge," illustrated with a truthful picture of the same. The sad reality and truth of the writer's words, when he says: "A few years more, and it will be lost; a residence which has disappeared," must give the reader as he avoids the beautiful avenue leading out of the town to the barracks. The modest little picket fence, with its unassuming gate, have gone to decay; and the shrubs and flowers, so carefully protected in the days of the old man's glory, have become rank and wild in their struggle with briars and weeds.

The vine growing over the balcony, so care-fully looked after by the gentle hand of the old man's daughter, no longer blossoms, and the leaves withered, and nothing but the ghostly frame of "what was," now lingers. The house itself is a spectre.

It is a scene of desolation and gloom, and fainting, who are numbered with the dead; and the "old rustic cottage," as it is, has been turned over to the rats, and it reeks now to tumble into ashes under the growing root of oblivion. What lesson?

It was a very brief day ago, when the old gentleman returned to his wife, "with all his honors and plaudits on him." A former resident of Baton Rouge, had endeared him to our people, and they claimed him as a citizen—the news of his approach was heralded and the town went to the water's edge to welcome him. The torch-light procession with music and banners followed him, and amidst the cheers and acclamations of the people he ascended the steps of his choice, the cottage, now drooping its head, and only rescued from oblivion by a wood cut. What an episode in the history of the world's glory!

With what reluctance the old man left that fairy spot, his own words betray him, there was a destiny ruling over him. It was for his wife's sake he assumed a position altogether unworthy to his talents. That destiny has been sadly worked out. The hero of Buena Vista is dead, his accomplished son-in-law, W. W. Bliss, has fought his last battle.

The remains of General Taylor should have been deposited on that spot—a place (as he often expressed himself) more dear to him than any other on earth.

The Sight of the Dying.

The late Abner L. Postland, of Pittsburgh, remarked, when he was dying:

"Mother, I can see a great distance!" Doubtless this is the experience, beautifully expressed, of every one who comes with chastened faith to a calm deathbed. In his progress through ordinary life, he vaporized the atmosphere around him, and the vapor of his life imperceptibly, and he cannot see afar off—but he draws near constantly, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being; the vista of futurity opens the eyes of the soul; he beholds the gates of heaven, the river of life; its glad waters kissing the foot-steps of those that tread them, and the gates of heaven can be caught on the way.

Then comes the sight of the bright and blinding light, and he cannot see afar off—but he draws near constantly, the air grows purer, the light brighter, the vision clearer, and serenity pervades the whole being;

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### Legal Advertisements.

Estate of Helick Farley, dec'd.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the undersigned, attorney at law, on behalf of the court of LaSalle County, at a term thereof, to be held at Utica, Illinois, on the 1st day of April, 1859, Amount of Premium Notes in force April 1st 1851, consisting of the amount of issues \$559,000 Secured by land in the city of Utica, Illinois.

The Distribution will soon take place, Among the extraordinary LIST OF GIFTS, published simultaneously in the three cities of NEW YORK, PHILADELPHIA, AND BALTIMORE.

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